COMMENCEMENT NUMBER.

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The Undergraduate

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

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THE UNDERGRADUATE.

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COMMENCEMENT.

The exercises of the one hundredth and second Commencement began Sunday, June 22, with the Baccalaureatte sermon by President Brainerd at the Congregational church. The church was well filled.

BACCALAUREATE SUNDAY.

John XII :25 "He that loveth his life shall lose it; and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal." What a startling paradox to say of life, if we love it we shall lose it; if we hate it we shall keep it! Yet when we apprehend its significance, we find it one of the profoundest utterances even of Christ. Were no other saying of his preserved but this, it would be enough to prove his divine wisdom. And it is a truth of the utmost practical importance; it imparts to us the secret of true life; it indicates the law which a rational being must obey in order to secure the largest growth and happiness. And this law of the soul's well-being may be summed up in the one word—unselfishness.

There is a great difference in this respect between a mere animal and a rational soul. The animal is necessarily selfish; it has not the gift of reason by which to understand the interests of others, and is guided chiefly by a strong instinct of self-preservation, which leads it to protect its life and to supply its own wants regardless of others. On the plane of animal life the so-called "struggle for existence" goes on unceasingly; each has to look after its own welfare, and the supreme law of its being is selfishness. But the soul of man is endowed with reason; it is made capable of comprehending the nature and relation of other beings; of growing indefinitely in knowledge, in mental strength and in moral character; and with these possibilities before it its highest well-being requires that it be thoroughly unselfish. The very nature of the soul is such that the more that it is centered on itself the worse off it is. If we would make the most of ourselves, we must have the welfare of others uppermost in our hearts. Only by largely losing sight of self do we attain to the greatest happiness and the highest intrinsic worth. Or, in the words of the Master: if we love our life, we shall lose it; if we hate our life in this world, we shall keep it unto life eternal.

Why then, it may be asked, are men so slow to accept this fundamental law of the soul's well-being, and to adopt it in their daily conduct. The explanation is to be found, partly, in the fact that man begins his existence in an animal nature, where selfishness is the instinctive law. This is true both of the race and

of the individual. As we look back to the dawnings of history we find man a rude savage, but little elevated above the brute. The slowly advancing civilation of the race has started from the plane of animalism, and the generations of the present are hampered by the brutish traits inherited from ruder ages. The same history is repeated in the life of the individual. His early years are years principally of physical life. The child first plays the part of tyrant over the household, attempting to force everything to subserve his wants and wishes. Reason, conscience and the faculties of the spiritual nature are developed later, and find the soul already actuated by the law of selfishness. Hence it is only after a somewhat protracted struggle that love, the law of the higher nature, can assert its supremacy. And often the struggle is unavailing. Selfishness retains its ascendancy, and the soul in all its higher powers and capabilities of growth is lost—swallowed up in the animal. Blessed are they, elect of God, who

"Move upward, working out the beast,
And let the ape and tiger die."

In this struggle between the man and the angel, which is going on in every soul that is born of God, it is important to understand, as clearly as possible, the truth, that unselfishness is the law of the soul's well-being.

This is seen, first, in the fact that unselfishness secures to the soul the highest type of happiness. Selfishness is mother to some of the worst passions that torment the human breast. One of these is envy, which thrusts its sharp lance into the selfish heart at the sight of another's good fortune. Another is strife, for the man who cares only for his own interests is involved in constant wrangling and contention. A third of these sister furies is revenge; another is jealousy; another is pride. Who can estimate how much of human misery is brought about by these and kindred passions? But they are all born of selfishness. If we but love our neighbor as ourselves, no such disturbing forces can enter the heart.

It is selfishness also for the most part which provokes the illwill and unkindness of others. The man who is all wrapped up in himself, who takes every advantage of another, who has no pitying eye nor generous hand, is despised by his fellows and becomes the recognized mark for their abuse and annoyance. If the enmity and contempt of those with whom one has to deal are sources of discomfort, then the selfish should be miserable; and if the warm gratitude of affectionate hearts and the esteem and the confidence of associates contribute to happiness, the unselfish should be happy.

But there is another way in which supreme love of self brings on us wretchedness, for selfishness is the usual incentive to sin. It is at the root of theft, of of fraud, of murder, of slander, of covetousness. Indeed, a high authority tells us that love is the fulfilling of the law. Let the controlling motive of the heart be an intelligent love for God and man, and the soul will escape temptations to wrong doing.

But a self-denying spirit does more than to remove these disturbing forces; it imparts to the soul a positive happiness of its own. There is a joy in doing good which they alone know who have experienced it. They who visit the sick, who clothe the naked, who feed the hungry, who cheer the despondent, and do it not grudgingly nor daintily but in the glow of disinterested love, are filled with a peaceful joy, as though the benedictions of heaven were resting upon them. God intended that the life of the soul should be one of delight, and when it is guided by unselfishness, the law of its well-being, it experiences that delight.

The unselfish are indeed subject to a peculiar sorrow, which results from their sympathy with the suffering and sin of others. But this is not altogether destructive of that internal happiness which results from unselfishness. The wretchedness, caused by evil passions and a reproachful conscience, is one thing; sadness at sight of another's folly or distress is quite a different thing. The tears of compassion are not as hateful to us as the tears of remorse or of affliction. We often choose to hear the sad tale of human woe and to look upon the terrible scenes of tragedy, even though they make us weep and shudder. It may be thus that the tenderest sympathy of angels for human miseries, is not inconsistent with heavenly bliss. Even God himself enjoys supreme felicity, though in his unbounded love for his creatures he grieves at their waywardness and suffering.

The only road to happiness then is through unselfishness; for it delivers us from annoying passions, from social contempt, from temptations to sin, and imparts to the soul a pure and serene joy.

But there is another standpoint than happiness, from which we may see that unselfishness is the law of the soul's well-being; for unselfishness conduces most to the soul's intrinsic worth. A man can never live *nobly* who lives all for himself. When one ascends a high mountain he cannot fail to notice how stunted is the vegetation at the summit. The firs and the birches, which in the genial atmosphere of the valley below are lofty trees, here on the bleak mountain top are reduced to scraggy shrubs but a few feet in height. So selfishness contracts the soul and dwarfs its growth. Christ illustrates this truth by a kernel of wheat, which, he says, increases not, but abides alone, except it fall into the ground and die; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit. In like manner, if the soul die to self, and its energies goes forth in the varied interests of mankind, it will expand in knowledge, in power of sympathy and in breadth of character. Instead of being bound up in its own narrow compass, all the concerns of humanity are its own. In all the reforms and giant enterprises of the race, the heart throbs with kindly interest. No tears are shed, no joys are felt, no hopes expand the breast of man but it shares in them all with kindred sympathy.

In Dante's vision of Purgatory he saw men who were punished by having their necks bent forward

and their heads fastened immovably with their faces toward the ground, so that they could see nothing but their own bodies and the earth beneath them. Such are the supremely selfish; they see and feel nothing but what concerns their own little world, which seems ever to grow smaller and meaner around them.

Look over the list of qualities which give to the soul nobility, and you will find they are all opposed to selfishness. What is patriotism, but a willingness to give up wealth and ease and life for the good of country? What is heroism, but contempt of personal danger in a noble devotion to some great cause? What is generosity, but the setting aside of self for the good of others?

Consider the characters of history, and you will see that however selfish men may be themselves, it is the unselfish whom they most delight to honor. Somewhat over a century ago there appeared in history two great military chieftains, one in the Old World and one in the New. The former was supremely selfish, but dazzled his countrymen by the splendor of his genius. He found a young republic struggling for life; he nursed it only to strangle it later and gain personal supremacy. He overran all Europe with fire and sword in the hope of universal empire. Soldiers were to him but ammunition of war; wife and friends were mercilessly sacrificed for personal aggrandizement. At length he met his fate, and detested as the scourge of Europe, passed six years of languishing misery on a lone island, before his restless spirit found repose in the grave.

Twenty-one years before, the other chieftain of the New World had passed away; but in the quiet of an affectionate home and the inner calm of a peaceful conscience. He, too, had found an infant republic; but he devoted all his energies to giving it strength and permanency. He fought desperately for seven years against its invaders and conquered them. He calmed its internal factions, established law and laid the foundations for a marvelous growth. But he sought not the crown which a grateful people might have placed upon his head. Having accomplished what he could for his country he retired to the private life of a common citizen. In spite of the great disparity in their military genius, I do not need to ask which of these two has received the world's deepest reverence and esteem.

Thus it is that selfishness is ever defeating its own ends, for he that loveth his life shall lose it. If we would give to the soul its highest worth, we need to look without and not within. If we would live the best possible life, we need to make the interests of mankind our own, to have our hearts beat in unison with the great heart of humanity, to employ our hands and feet, our thoughts and affections, in the service of a universal brotherhood.

How plain the truth appears when we thus contemplate it, that unselfishness is the law of the soul's well-being; but for all this how hard it is to act upon this truth. It is by no sudden effort that we can make the good of others our supreme aim in life. We are obliged to rise gradually and by a series of well-directed efforts above the inborn selfishness of our animal nature. Consider now some of the practical methods, by which God would wean us from thoughts of self and enlarge the sphere of our sympathies and labors.

The life of the family is one of the most effectual of these means. It is the school of nature in which we learn the first and easiest lessons of self-forgetfulness and of devotion to others. In many cases the love which springs up between man and woman is the first experience of disinterested affection, and the first revelation of the joy which ever attends self-abnegation. But around the rose of wedded love cluster filial and parental loves. The mother learns lessons of self-sacrifice, and her interests are centered in her household. The father's toils and cares are not so much for self. as for wife and children. Thus though the ministry of the family the parent is imbued with the spirit of unselfishness. Then, too, what a school of generosity for the child is a well-ordered household. Filial love springs up in response to parental; brother learns self-sacrifice for brother; and self is lost sight of in attachment to the interests of the common home. God has even ordained that the ties of an affectionate family shall be the symbol and the revelation to us of the grandest relations, his own Fatherhood and the Brotherhood of the human race. The golden age of unselfishness shall indeed have come when "the whole family in heaven and earth" is acknowledged, and all look up to God with child-like affection and upon each other with brotherly love. Let no one, then, disesteem marriage or the sweet voices of children; for in the hallowed affections of the hearth may be born that unselfishness which is the soul's salvation.

We may also accomplish much by cultivating an interest in the various concerns of social and public life. The more time and thought and money we give to social reforms, to objects of charity, to the business of the commmunity, the more do we become emancipated from self. Success in any business or profession makes constant demands on our energy. and we are under strong temptation to neglect matters of public concern. We are too full of other cares, we think, to serve on committees, or to busy ourselves in securing worthy candidates for public offices, or to study up the social problems of the day. But these are opportunities which we can ill afford to neglect. They are the breathing-places of the soul, where it finds temporary relief from the narrow routine of personal cares, and feels the fresh air and the freedom of wider fields of activity.

Even when engaged in our proper business, we may do much towards quenching the spirit of selfishness by getting to regard our work as done for others rather than for self. The economy of social life is beautifully arranged so that the best way to get a living is to work for others. The community is divided up into classes, trades and professions, each of which devotes itself to supplying certain special wants of all

the others. Self interest may be the prime motive which leads a man to enter any business calling; but he may to a great extent drop this motive out of consciousness, and think chiefly of others' welfare. The teacher may forget about the salary he is earning, and have uppermost in his heart an interest in his pupils and a desire to train and instruct them for a successful life. The artizan may set his mind on doing the best possible work for his employer without thinking much about his wages. The merchant may think less of his profits and his growing fortune, than of the methods by which he can best supply the wants of his customers. The lawyer may enter into the business of his patron with all his heart and soul, regarding the fee as but a necessary incident of the transaction. In this way personal interest will not be impaired, but furthered; for in every calling he does best for himself, who has most at heart the good of others. But beside this, the invaluable result is that selfishness will be immersed from sight in beneficence.

The religion of Christ works the fullest, easiest emancipation of the soul from selfishness. There the first and great command is to love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and this is the true antidote for selfishness. Supreme love for God protects the soul from sin and evil, enobles life, fills human society with joy and harmony. It is what the attraction of gravity is in the system of sun and planets. If each globe that revolves around the sun did not feel drawn toward this center, but obeyed simply the law of its own inward impulse, it would fly off in a tangent, dash against other spheres and be lost in the darkness of space. But when these planets yield to this central attraction, they move around in stately harmony experiencing the sweet return of morning and evening, and of the varying seasons. So the soul self-centered conflicts with others and hurries to distruction; but controlled by love for God it enjoys sweet concord with other souls, and inward growth in worth and blessedness.

Young ladies and gentlemen of the Senior class: The close of the college course, to which you have come, is rightly held to mark a most important transition in life. Here you have to a large extent been cloistered from the great world of action; the years now passed have been spent in acquiring knowledge and self-culture. And yet we trust that higher ambitions have been awakened than those that center in self; that you have learned to sympathise with the wise and good of all ages, who consecrated themselves to the furtherance among men of truth and righteousness. In your studies in civil law and in ethics you have been taught the intimate dependence of man upon his fellow men; that we must needs cooperate with others to achieve worthy ends; and that we attain our proper manhood, only when we cherish the interests of those with whom we are associated.

You are now about to leave the secluded halls of study for wider fields of action, where theory is to be put to the test of practice. In the strife and stress of modern life you will be strongly tempted to use your utmost energies to advance self even at the expense of others. The prizes of public office too often seem to go, not to the most deserving, but to the most importunate; reputation at times seem to be the result of ingenious advertisement; wealth often seems to fall most readily into hands that are not over-scrupulous.

I would remind you today of the lesson of the world's Great Teacher, that there are higher possibilities for the human soul than the attainment of selfish ambition at the cost of honor and generous sentiment. Of infinitely more value than place and position, bought with money, or gained by strategy, is the homage and affection that men finally pay to character. There is a peace of conscience and a sense of honest self-respect that is worth vastly more to its possessor, than the gratifications of avarice and personal ambition. The highest ideals of manhood are to be reached both for this life and the life to come, not through self-assertion, but through self-surrender. For he that loveth his life shall lose it, but he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal.

At 8:00 p. m. Rev. Rufus Cushman Flagg, D.D., '69, gave the anniversary address before the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. in the church.

CLASS DAY—MONDAY.

At 10:30 a. m., after a pretention at planting an ivy somewhere about the library building, the Senior class appeared in their robes, taking their seats upon the stage built on the campus. Not a large crowd listened to the program:

PLANTING OF THE IVY,
BY THE CLASS.

ADDRESS BY THE PRESIDENT,
GEORGE RUFUS DRAKE.

IVY ORATION,
ORVIS K. COLLINS.

WILL AND PRESENTATION,
FREDERICK BINGHAM MINER.

CLASS ORATION,
JOHN REGINALD DUFFIELD.

HISTORY,
JOHN EVERETT THOMPSON.

POEM,
EDITH FLORENCE BARRETT.

PROPHECY,
RUTH SOPHIA MURLOCH.

SINGING OF CLASS ODE,
WORDS BY EDITH FLORERCE BARRETT.

COMMITTEE:

Percival Wilds, David A. Burke, Wilfred J. Stone.

CLASS POEM.

Afar o'er the western mountain
Lingered the sunset glow,
Flooding with golden splendor
The peaceful valley below.

And ere the shadows of ev'ning
Had chased the daylight away,
I wandered down where the river
Goes merrily on its way.

And there, in the twilight stillness
Thinking of college days,
I heard such a strange, sweet music,
Like joyous songs of praise.

Sweeter still, and ever clearer
Ringing out the happy strains,
Like the bells of evening, chiming
Forth their glad refrains.

And there as I listened, wondering
Whence could come the sound so sweet,
I noticed the gentle swaying
Of the blue-bells at my feet.

Then the lilies of the valley
With their bells of snowy white,
Joining in the mystic music
Filled my heart with strange delight.

Tho' I felt the wondrous beauty
Of that music, low and sweet,
Yet its deep and hidden meaning
Seemed with mystery replete.

Till, at length, the sound grew clearer,
Yet more sweet and low it came,
And I caught the faintest whisper
Of a dear familiar name.

"Middlebury! Middlebury!"
Rang the bells in joyous glee,
Sounding forth with thousand voices
Songs of sweetest melody.

Sang they of the dear old college,
Of the mem'ries clinging there,
Of the lessons she is teaching,
Of her friendships, true and rare.

Then, as if in grand finale,
Rang the tribute to our class,
Bringing promises of honor
For the years, as they shall pass.

So, in sweet and mystic music,
Rang the white bells and the blue,
Songs of praise to Middlebury,
And the class of nineteen-two.

ALUMNI DAY—TUESDAY.

At 8:30 the associated alumni held a preliminary meeting in the chapel. Charles S. Murkland, '81, presided, and, in the absence of the secretary, Prof. T. E. Boyce, Prof. E. C. Bryant was made secretary pro tem. The committee on nomination of officers for next year was elected: W. W. Gay, '76, Webster Ingersoll, '73, and H. P. Powers, '82. This committee reported at the meeting on the following morning as follows; President, C. S. Murkland, D.D., '81; vice-presidents, F. G. Swinington, '75, R. M. Collins, '89, S. J. Preston, '82, D. N. Burke, '67; secretary, Prof. E. C. Bryant, '91; orator, W. R. Cray, '76; alternate, H. F. Northrup, '73; poet, Dr. C. W. Prentiss, '96; alternate, J. A. Lobban, '98; necrological committee, Dr. C. E. Prentiss, '64, Prof. T. E. Boyce, '76. The procession, led by T. M. Chapman, '76, marshal, and the Weybridge band marched to the church.

At 10:30 the exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. T. A. Carlson, '00, followed with music by Wilder's orchestra of Montpelier. C. S. Murkland, '81, presided and introduced the orator, Dr. W. R. Shipman, '59, of Tufts College, Mass., and the poet, W. W. Gay, '76, of New York.

The oration is given in part, this being Dr. Shipman's extract for the UNDERGRADUATE. The poem is given complete.

THE MAN AND THE COLLEGE.

FELLOW GRADUATES OF MIDDLEBURY:

We represent the six hundred spared by envious time from the host whom the dear mother of a hundred years has sent forth with her benediction to the field which is the world; six hundred standing in the ways of manifold activity where a thousand of her children before us and with us have borne their part and passed to their reward. Our ranks, grown thin in the receding years, stretch backwards to include two generations, and clasping hands with the earliest bind us in the fellowship of a common life and spirit.

We are the representatives of what is called, with much variation of accent. a "small" college. As a mere matter of numbers, Middlebury is among the smallest; with three times as many students she would still be in the same class. Her total number of graduates, indeed, is not small, absolutety or relatively; but we claim no peculiar privilege of age, we

of the past live in our connection with the present and the future institution.

Now it has come to pass that such as we are the subject of disquieting rumors, threatening us with gradual extinction, or at best such changes as amount to the loss of identity. Think of our forlorn condition as a body of college graduates if Middlebury should disappear in some impending convulsion of the educational world, merged, perhaps, in a great University of Vermont, or re-absorbed by Yale, from which she emanated! A remnant seeking habitation, our only future the slowly decaying past!

"The small college must go," has been reiterated with the emphasis of a growing conviction; it is heard, I think, with a growing apprehension. Escape from dreaded consequences has been variously sought. Increase of attendance, though eagerly attempted, has produced no important effect, because such increase has occurred all along the line and the difference between one hundred and five hundred is less obtrusive than the difference between two hundred and a thousand. "I don't know what would become of us," said a college president the other day, "if we had not become a university"; but it was not at all clear that the condition of what had been the college was thereby made more secure. A group of graduate and professional schools may afford the college a certain protection, but at what cost does not yet appear. There is a modern rendering of the story of the lion and the lamb lying down together.

It does not much concern us of Middlebury; escape for us does not lie in either direction, whatever is impending. Middlebury is simply a college; she will never be anything else. She is a small college and that she will remain. However severe the storm, we are in the open, and we shall know what happens. Nor would I seem to ignore the signs of the times; the situation is critical, not for the small college alone, but for what with us is known distinctively as the college. We may be entering upon a period of general re-construction.

Some of us remember when nothing seemed more definite, unalterable and enduring than the college curriculum. Certain subjects had for centuries constituted the basis of a liberal education. Although new subjects demanded recognition, there was no time for them except by displacing the old; why seek to change what was not only theoretically best, but verified in the learning and noble life it had long nurtured? Nevertheless, so urgent grew the demand for modern language and literature, and above all for science, that the colleges reluctantly made room for them; but denying their equal value as culture studies withheld the time-honored degree of A. B. from courses into which these subjects largely entered. This distinction could not be long maintained when encroachment had once begun, and now even here at Middlebury, where Greek is still insisted on, probably no two students taking A. B. have pursued identical courses.

It may be too early to say whether results have justified the introduction of modern subjects and the elective principle. A fair beginning of the decisive trial by experience cannot be made until admission requirements are so modified as to extend the same freedom to the preparatory schools. When that is done, time must be allowed for the proof of value in the life product of the new system. So all this business of diversifying and "enriching" the courses of study is on trial, to the endless perplexity of administrative boards. How much easier if well enough had been let alone! There was scholarship, cultivation, character, the glory of an unbroken tradition; what more could be had or desired?

Observe, moreover, that the multplication of subjects and changes in methods of teaching have made it necessary to lengthen the preparatory period, both in the school that fits for college and in the higher school that fits for life work. This strenuous professional school must have now not the two years that answered at a pinch, or three that did very well, but for the older professions, four. Not so much time yet for the newer and more restricted professions, but the tendency is strong that way. Already the dentist, for example, whose equipment was once a strong arm and a handful of tools has passed through all the stages of development to the four years course of a "learned profession." Journalism, the library, finance, forestry—the list is too long for enumeration; all are moving in the same direction, with a reservation in favor of the college degree as a prerequisite!

Four years to prepare for college (why not five soon under increasing pressure?); four years in college, the same yesterday, today and to-morrow (to-morrow? ay, there's the rub!), for the college is eminently conservative; four years for the special preparation now thought to be little enough as the basis of professional success! Fifteen, nineteen, twenty-three, twenty-seven! And has it not been demonstrated that what a man has not well in hand at twenty-eight he might as well let alone?

Here, then, the elaborate system breaks down by its own weight. The imperative demand all along the line of instruction that more work be done and that proper time be taken for it, is confronted by the higher law of man's active nature appointing the bounds of successful achievement. So the time that was piecemeal lengthened must now be reduced, and the college has the worst of it in the conflict of claims. At least, it is the college that is in commotion over the problem. To maintain the four years college term will evidently be more difficult than preserving the ancient curriculum.

Perhaps it might be done by receiving students a year earlier, which, though objected to as a lowering of the standard, would be only resuming in part what has of late been thrown on the preparatory school. In a quiet way, which is likely to be extended, some colleges are providing for a three years course, at present and ostensibly for the better students, but in the end for all. Probably the strongest objection to this change is the sentiment that attaches to the long es-

tablished. If it were only to do so much work in such and such subjects, three years is a sufficient time; indeed, if that were all, there would be little need of colleges. But the shorter time might also provide those agencies not of the class room which together constitute the more valuable part of college education. If in Oxford, why not in Harvard? If in Harvard, why not in any American college? Again, a reduction of one year is readily effected by counting the first year of professional study towards the college degree. A further step in the same direction is the six years course with double degree, academic and professional, an approximation to the German system with much to commend it, but ominous for the isolated colleges, which with the general adoption of this system by the universities would be compelled to seek affiliation with their superiors. Perhaps there is one more chapter in the tragic tale, namely, the possibility that the mounting secondary school may take possession of all the intermediate territory. The college might then have choice in affiliation, to be head of the class below or foot of the class above! Absurd as this contingency may seem in the statement, I think it is the likeliest starting point, if the necessity of reconstruction overtakes us.

These hard questions of administration I have not raised in the hope of settling them. They seem to me, like many other questions that engage our intensest efforts, so complex that any satisfactory solution must wait on the unfolding of future events. I have confidence that all these revolutionary movements will leave us what is quite as valuable as anything they may destroy. All the institutions of society are but means to a greater end. In matters educational we have unwittingly or unwisely prepared the way for many of our troubles. We have been so eager that we have in some things over-reached ourselves.

I take advantage of the occasion to which you, my fellow graduates, have kindly invited me, to express my conviction that the stormy period through which we are passing is but the preparation for a better day. I want to enter my protest, as a college man, against the over much; against the laying of all stress or a false stress on college education, in the common acceptation of the term; against imposing on the college an impossible task, with the consequent temptation to claim for it in self-defense an equally impossible accomplishment. We are more and more demanding that the college shall do about all that other agencies leave undone, and talking and devising as if all this were really within its power, if properly administered. As if it could set to rights all the mal-adjustments of heredity and social environment!

Now I would not willingly detract from the value of education, least of all from that which is undertaken by the college; I only insist that it cannot make something out of nothing. I call you to witness that even this miracle of creation is implied in much current discussion and in the working out of innumerable schemes of improvement by educators. I confess to a growing impatience when certain great ones are pointed out with a complacent, "These are the work of our hands," and others their equals, with an apologetic, "How much greater if they had gone through our hands!" For nearly forty years occupying a college professorship, I have been set thinking by the subsequent attainments of many graduates for whom the college seemed to do next to nothing, of the still greater number of non-graduates, and, in wider view, of the multitude that never reached the entrance gates.

It becomes more evident to me that life and its specific activities are ultimate facts, the limits of which in duration and energy are an individual endowment, capable, indeed, of modification, but not indefinitely. The crisis of disease may test the vital power. One lives, another dies, and the physician is helpless. All our activities are developed according to their own law. We learn to do things only by doing them. To learn how things may be done is a different matter, a sort of learning that may be variously acquired. The doing is activity itself; it is never vicarious. This is true, not alone of activities involving external movements, it is the same with all the inner movements that make up the life of intelligence, emotion, sentiment. We can cultivate judgment only by judging, friendly feeling only by being friendly, the philosophical temper only by philosophizing. In all activity through which we attain development, cultivation, character, we are subject to natural limitations. The exercise that stimulates and strengthens one may overtax another, and persisted in may destroy power and even life. Similarly disastrous is that training which ignores natural differences of faculty. A poor memory for words may be helped in practice by artificial devices, but it will remain a poor memory for words. The contemplative life will be a laborious misfit if insisted on for one who is born to the active life.

These are but hints towards the explanation of the fact that the effects of what appears to be the same college training are so various, and that what appears to be the same result may follow different kinds of training, or no training at all, which is simply a case of the law within. I am more and more convinced that while it is in a real sense true that the college makes the man, it is also true that the man makes the college. The college makes the man in so far as it awakens the desire for greater things, as it affords opportunity for the effort that is indispensible to success, as its influence abides with the graduate a power for consistent and unceasing development. This formative function may begin long before the young man enters into the relations of a student, the college as an object seen or a name heard in childhood being a factor in determining the earliest purpose. The man makes the college as material qualifies workmanship, as an institution reflects the character of those whom it comprises, as testimony establishes truth before the world.

If a young man in earnest to go somewhere,

to do something, to be somebody, takes the college on his way, it is usually well for both. The college should be able to help him; occasionally it hinders, but for the most part it does greatly help. By making his "somewhere" and "something" more definite and more exalted it makes him a greater and a better man Yet if he does not go by way of the college, he may, with whatever delay and additional hardship, reach the goal of his ambition. Learning, invention, facility in the exercise of any power, are not a monopoly of the schools. There have been great scholars, authors, artists, generals, statesmen, sages, who came to eminence by untrodden ways. They are the evidence of a power residing in the man, a native quality, so to speak, capable of improvement through cultivation, but so vital that it may be even law unto itself. Given such material on whi ch to work, there should be no limit to what college training may seem to accomplish. Without such material, though there be no fault of workmen or methods, they will have no product to boast of. It is only in the proper union of vital forces that the college prospers.

How else can we account for the fact that men of various and high attainment, men whom a college delights to honor in life and to exalt among its immortals, are distributed with something of nature's impartiality over its entire period of development? The college may have been planted in the wilderness, its equipment of the scantiest in all that a later period would think indispensible, its round of studies narrow, its instruction elementary; it may have developed through a century or more with ten fold or fifty fold increase in all that appears to constitute efficiency of means; but the conspicuous names in its history are as generously supplied by the early scores as by the later hundreds of graduates.

The record of Middlebury, as set down in the recent general catalogue, abundantly confirms my statement. Its beginning was of the humblest sort, its fortunes have been strikingly uneven, its present equipment is among the best, in proportion to number of students. When my pride in the college needs to be stirred, it suffices to go over the record of its first half-century, the completed lives of the period when its faculty consisted of president and tutor, president and two or three or at most four professors; the years preceding Darwin and all consequent revolutions, preceding laboratories and libraries and athletics. When, again, I fall into the strain of lament for "the good old days," I note what the later graduates are doing and my poise of mind is restored. A constant factor I have observed is the student body, varying in numbers, to be sure, but of substantially the same stock, this mountain-guarded Champlain valley more than half, Vermont three-fourths. So it is the men, I say, who have here made themselves, with more or less help from the college, more or less as the case might be. I am not claiming for Middlebury superiority to the graduates of other colleges; I am only saying that whatever distinction they have is determined in the first place by the material on which the college has wrought.

No more am I saying that the earlier and simpler days of a college, a state, a people are its best days. From generation to generation the colleges are resorted to by such men as the time affords, possessed by the common desire of acquiring what the highest institution within their reach can give. These students find what they are prepared to use; they find opportunity, encouragement, growth in power, through which on entering into the conditions of their immediate future, they acquit themselves as men. If I seem to give more credit to the man and less to what he receives through the extraordinary facilities of the college, it is because I think the opposite mistake is more common. I as readily allow that responsibility for failure should be divided on the same principle. Many things go to make the efficiency of a college; the chief thing is that it have the man, the scholar, the teacher in its seat of power; that it be the meeting place of one eager to receive and one glad to give, of the man and his opportunity.

The fact that the college exists for the man and not the man for the college is the explanation of our recent astonishing growth in college population. It is the broadening of opportunity to meet the need of thousands who were going on as they could without that help which the limited number had been fortunate to find. Not that these new thousands would be traveling the same life ways as the others, for the world has grown surprisingly wider and its interests more diversified; but why should not the new ways of service have workmen equally cultivated through contact with the best in thought and life? And yet the opportunity which these waited for could not have been provided without such changes in the curriculum as have seemed to many subversive of the very idea of the college. I cannot believe that anything essential will be lost. The spirit has not departed from man though he is cast upon the greater world.

It were idle to wish for the restoration of the old curriculum, for exclusive attention to "the humanities," for seclusion from the busy world, for the charm of cloistered halls, for that soul-quest of the beautiful and eternal. Not that its pure and lofty ideal no longer asserts itself in the noblest lives, or that youth is no longer susceptible to its fine appeal. It does abide, with power as of old, imperishable as the soul of man, a manifestation of the divine. It has disappeared neither from the hearts of God's children, nor from the ways by which they are led to Him in that completest nurture which is the full content of the term education. The few select spirits now as ever its subjects, are still to be the consummate flower of culture. But in the paths where the great throngs are passing and repassing, ampler provision must be made. New heavens and a new earth are continually opening, where are many things not dreamed of in the philosophy of former generations. There are multitudes whom these things will stir to

fruitful activity and to abundant life, but who would yield no response to the old lessons. Why, then, seek to determine comparative values? Even material things need not foster a narrow, unfruitful spirit. Culture is not so much dependent on what is taught as on the manner of teaching. "The humanities" may be so administered in the schools as to stifle the finer instincts and fetter all free life. The deathless language and literature and philosophy and art of Greece have not always escaped such profanation. I comfort myself, therefore, in view of the intrusion of many modern subjects on the consecrated curriculum of what some call better days. I have such faith in the unchanging qualities of human nature that given a man and a man, with whatever subject between them, I look for results which any college might be proud to own. It need not even be in the college that these kindred spirits meet; it may be in the field, in the highway, in the shop; for as the wind bloweth where it listeth, so is the way of the spirit, the spirit of truth, of love, of adoration.

What fear, then, finally, should there be that what is best in education will perish for want of an abiding place? If it was ever true that its home and shrine were in the college and that here all must come who would receive its benediction, that is the case no longer. The college years may still be most favorable to those liberal studies which we extol, but even these studies are now more widely extended, and other influences towards high living are not necessarily most active and efficient at the present college age or under present college conditions. College men are older now than formerly and less easily turned in the direction of new ideals The five years preceding are on the whole a period of richer promise, when youth is more sensitive and open to the suggestions of teachers who are worthy of confidence and admiration. They are the more heroic age, the days of adventure, of ardent feeling, of happy or unhappy choices. The secondary schools have now a finer opportunity than the colleges for the enlarging and ennobling of life in their pupils, as many of them are abundantly showing. The dominance of one strong personality is also more easily secured in these schools, which is indispensible to the highest results. The shaping of life in ever widening spheres of grace and spiritual power attends the perpetuation of such conditions in the successive stages of school and college and university.

When this continuity, towards which we are tending, is attained, it will matter little by what names the contributing parts are designated; no part can be spared from the true university, that is, the universal in its sense of unity.

For example, the colleges, since they are the subject of our especial consideration. They never die, they live and grow. Here in New England the number continually increases, and with the great improvement of all. It is the vitality of the people, the irrepressible demand for larger opportunity that insures this progress. There may be changes of relations among the twenty or thirty present institutions, but all they are doing will continue to be done, and much besides. Nothing would be gained by conforming all to one pattern or by bringing them together as four or five institutions as large as the one now numbering the most. It would be more to the purpose if there were less repetition than now among them, less of the commercial striving for numbers and more differentiation in specific aims. What if they should no longer be seekers, all things to all men, by any means to gain some more; but sought, sought for what they are by those who have been so well prepared that they know what they seek? What if they should severally devote themselves to the perfection of the form they represent? There might be one among them having the courage of the expressed conviction that the time-honored college is still the best and dedicating all its power to the demonstration of so great a truth. Others might lay stress on certain professional or certain graduate courses, giving more or less or no attention to the usual college work.

There might be for each its ideal of the perfect education, towards which to direct all agencies at its command. Something of this differentiation is, of course, now seen, whether or not it has been striven for. To make it a controlling purpose would be to impart new life and efficiency to all, with the promise of surpassing usefulness in the coming time. The vision is not a dream; the years will bring its realization.

LIFT UP YOUR HEART.

I.

Mahmoud, the sultan, idling in his court
Of flattery wearied, minded him to sport
With Rahm, the vizier, growing old and gray,
His youthful graces lost with youth's fair day,
His fingers stiffened and his voice, alack,
Its music gone, beginning now to crack;
Long since forgot his cunning with the lute
And to all song in public wisely mute;
But with one virtue left worth all the rest—
A loyal heart within his aged breast,
A will to do whate'er his master bade.

To him Mahmoud, affecting to be sad,
Said: "Rahm, my heart is heavy, I would hear
Again the songs of youth that once were dear
To thee and me—of nightingale and rose,
Of love and spicy wind that wayward blows
From gardens of Shiraz. I pray thee bring
Thy golden lute for I would hear thee sing."

There came a silken rustle and a sound
Of laughter light and silvery, and around
A whisper ran behind the latticed screen
Where Mahmoud's favorites sat and heard unseen;
And heavy odors of the musk and rose
Were loosened as, like lilies in a close,

Or radiant tulips bending haughty head
Beneath a breeze, they, laughing, leaned and said:
"What, Rahm a poet? Gray old Rahm, shall he
Within the bul-bul's heart wake jealousy
Singing of youth and love and love's delight
And the charmed beauty of the summer night?"

The jest went round and laughter sometime kept
Its sway like notes of cithers lightly swept.

But, never heeding, Rahm the golden lute
Took from the slave who bowed him at his foot,
And to the sultan said: "What Mahmoud wills
To Rahm was ever law." With feeble trills
He tried the lute, his touch uncertain, and
With voice less certain than his trembling hand
A song of lovers sang—a song of wine
With spices redolent, of eyes divine,
Of night-black tresses by red roses crowned,
Of golden gleam of flashing fireflies drowned
In the white flood of moonlight pouring o'er
Old mosque and minaret and frowning tower
Into the gardens where Zuleima toyed
With macaw and the hearts of lovers, cloyed
With adulation and a life of ease,
Its very joys linked in a chain to tease
And gall the soul desiring to be free
Of silken bonds that hid her misery.
Then changed the note and shivering from the strings
A plaintive song of grief discordant wings;
The secret of her soul betrayed, the cup
Of bliss struck down as she would drink it up;
Swift falls the stern avenger's cruel blade;
The curtain drops, the tragedy is played;
Grim through the world, applauded as the just,
The slayer goes; a handful-pah of dust,
A grinning skeleton of awful mow
Is the fair beauty of Zuleima now.

A world-old song, sung by the ancient Nile
'Ere Roman arms succumbed to woman's wile;
A world-old song, as true to-day as when
Fair Helen empires wrecked and souls of men.

In truth strange song it was for Mahmoud's court
Where gossip chuckled o'er malign report;
And stranger still to come from courtier lips
Where Death a forfeit claims of courtiers' slips;
And for a moment deadly calm foretold
The storm to break upon the vizier old.
"A raven croaking o'er an empty nest!"
"An idiot in dotage!" "Marplot!" "Pest!"—
The epithets rained on him and his voice
Of protest drowned in their increasing noise.
In short old Rahm went down into the night
Of royal anger and it served him right,
Philosophy declared, a useful fate to teach
Poets to sing and parsons leave to preach.

II.

O mother—Alma Mater—though in years
Somewhat I lack, thank Heaven, the good vizier's,
Yet, like the voiceless and the foolish Rahm,
All out of tune and lost to skill I am.
Youth now a dream so long ago it fled
And time come pilfering from the well-thatched head.
Force the confession of the sorry truth
At prosing elders flung by mocking youth,
Time rakes the ashes o'er poetic fire
And substitutes the pulpit for the lyre:
So, mother, spare me if discordant falls
My song, turned sermon, in thy peaceful halls;
For, if I sing, the crook-back Richard's plea
Is all I have—'tis done for love of thee.
With unaccustomed hand I touch the string—
Forgive the discord for thou badst me sing.

III.

There is a grace in Youth can never die,
A beauty of bright smile and beaming eye,
Immortal gift of Heaven! It lingers still
By memory nurtured when misfortunes fill
The heart with grief, its alchemy divine
Transmuting woe's base metal to the fine,
True gold of joy. Eternally the year
Of life renews, its blossoms reappear
That we thought withered, and new beauties bring
Into the barren heart, even as the Spring,
Child of a thousand unexpected graces,
Gives joy and beauty to wind-ravaged places,
Here by the chill bank on the rugged hill
Or by the swollen, late ice-fettered rill
Bids the fair snow-flower ope her startled eyes,
The feathery crosier of the fern arise.
As they who go to well-remembered haunts
Where the shy violet hides or Iris flaunts
Her royal splendor in her court of flags
And the swift stream to do obeisance lags,
We come to thee, O mother. Here our June
Put forth her blossoms, all the world atune
With Hope's sweet music, not a cloud to brew
A threat of storm in the celestial blue.
O splendid hours, when Fancy hewed the way
Through tangled copse to where the princess lay
In sleep enchanted, ours the fated bliss
To waken Fortune with a rapturous kiss!
How oft the murmurous voices of the night
Filled the rapt mind with visions of delight,
While, as soft harmonies from far heights flowing,
Or like faint elfin music softly blowing,
From out the mighty heart of Nature stole
Peace, like a benediction, to the soul.
Oh, then to live was good, when all the earth
To us was brother of a kindred birth;
The very cowslip of the uneared field
Unto the soul by right of kin appealed.
How oft on yonder hill's soft-verdured flank
We lay as day descended and indrank

The beauty of the sunset's peacefulness
Awed by that miracle of loveliness;
Or, dreaming roseate dreams of joys to be,
Read in the heavenly sign a prophecy
Of our descent adown a luminous way—
A perfect ending of a perfect day.
Or, by the bank of yonder pictured stream,
How oft beneath the trees we lay to dream,
Peopled with Fancy's folk the bosky shade,
And on our spirits felt the accolade
Of high resolve; saw in the listed joust
Our beaten foemen rolling in the dust,
The guerdon ours bestowed by Virtue's hand,
Applauded by the worthy of the land.
Where now are all the glories that we thought
Should crown our work in willing service wrought?
Where are the victories that in dreams we won?
Where are our laurels? Gone, forever gone
The bright illusions! But shall we our fair
Young Hylas mourn as Hercules in despair
Wept his? Ah, had for him the ancient earth
Been tongued to tell the wonders of her birth,
In every rustling leaf and chattering stream,
In every sighing breeze and and wild hawk's scream,
With voices multitudinous had she
In words like these rebuked his misery:
"Aye, weep for Hylas dead, but all thy cries,
O Hercules, shall storm unheeding skies.
Make ring with thy lament the savage deeps
Of glooming forests and the craggy steeps;
But, deaf to thee, the patient gods pursue
The law that governs men and godships too.
Hylas is dead. No more thy Hylas now!
Death's seal is pressed upon that lovely brow.
What! Wilt thou ever rail at changeless fate?
For thee do no world-serving tasks await?
Are all the stables cleansed? So weak! What then
Shall be thy fate, O Hercules, when men
To net thee in the snare of Death conspire?
How then endure the Nessean shirt of fire?"

IV.

O brothers, if our June be passed and we
Find harvest scant on the once blooming tree,
The blossoms that in May we deemed so sweet
Killed by untimely frost or withering heat,
Shall we upon the blessed gods cry out
And, all unmanly, of their justice doubt?
Because our northern mock-bird's song so free
And wondrous wild in beauty from the tree
Where nests his mate (of all the feathered throng
The chiefest poet of the tenderest song)
Has with the waning summer, nesting through,
It's sweet notes bartered for the cat-bird's mew,
Shall we despair of the return of spring
Or evermore to hear a warbler sing?
The rose that bloomed in June indeed is dead
But Autumn, too, with flowers may wreathe her head;
The lovely gentian on the upland blows
And flames the cardinal where the river flows;
The goldenrod with glory fills each nook
And asters purple by the lingering brook.
Tis ours, the fault, if in each changing mood
Of Nature we shall fail to pluck the good;
And ours the fault, if, with an equal mind,
We fail to meet the bitter, wintry wind,
Content with whate'er pattern He designs,
The Master Weaver, who hath laid the lines
Of warp and woof wherein, of many dyes,
But threads are we. For, as the shuttle flies,
So run our lives, in bright or sombre hues,
To shine in honor or to lowly use.
Who knows the law and to himself is true,
Bears manly part in that he has to do,
Does willing service in his humble task,
Shall he not vainly for his guerdon ask;
For in that soul shall Peace her lilies rear
To shed their perfume, and no doubt shall fear
Him of the future; faith that one shall keep,
Whether he pass to life or dreamless sleep
When strikes for him "the melancholy knell,"
That in the way of Nature all is well.
So when we face the winter's storm of sleet
And all of life lies swathed in winding sheet,
May we not groan like misers stripped of gear,
Tremble at shadows in decrepit fear,
Or, like whipped children, sorrowing, creep to bed
Crying: "Evil, evil, evil, God is dead!"
O soul incomparable, of Greeks the best,
Who welcomed death as one a favored guest,
Drinking the hemlock as one quaffs of wine,
Rebuking sorrow with a smile benign,
Thy faith be mine to meet the seeming blow
And in the lash the kiss of love to know.

V.

I hear a voice that in high places cries:
"The world grows evil and all virtue dies!
Men from the church of God in lightness turn
And holy mandates of the Most High spurn;
By wealth corrupted and in wicked pride
From ancient landmarks are they turned aside,
Lured by false science to the boggy fields
Where spreading Doubt her Upas poison yields;
Their fathers' faith abjured, they, impious, read
False meaning in His word to slay a creed.
Religion by her false friends wounded lies;
The world grows evil and all virtues dies!"
Another voice I hear that clamorous cries:
"The world is evil and its virtue lies!
The church is hypocrite, her censer swings
At Mammon's altar for the gold it brings;
God's ear is deaf to all His creature's moans;
Wealth grinds the poor and jeers the victim's groans.
Beat down the church! Beat down the haughty state!
Bind down aspiring genius! Relegate

Reward of effort to the social whole;
Enslave the mind to serve the master fool!
If need be smite and spare not; hack and hew;
Tear down the old and build again the new!"

Uncounted centuries onward from the clod
Has man climbed up the toilsome ways to God
Only to find upon the midway height
The loathsome foulness of Walpurgis night?
Patience of God! How long His judgments run!
Eons on eons ere the task be done!
Oh, the long lapse of time since that old day
When the first peak looked o'er the ocean gray,
Upshouldering from a wild but voiceless sea
Whose dreamless ooze held all the yet to be.
Cycle to cycle of unending strife,
Ever relentless death pursuing life,
In seeming loss the birth of certain gain—
The epic swelling to a loftier strain.
Beauty of order out of chaos grows,
Through branching forms the vibrant life-stream flows;
From the dull brute of slimy fen and brakes
Behold the man, the reasoning mind awakes;
Yet scarcely more than brute, he wars and kills
And with red terror all his small world fills;
Bands tribe, builds State, and braves the stormy sea
On foes to fix the yoke of tyranny;
Himself a thrall of superstition, quakes
Before the terrors of a god he makes;
The dogmas of a priesthood to maintain
Spreads desolation over land and main.
Yet each new period knows some new truth learned,
Some new height won, some new advantage earned.
And shall we, fretful of the long delay,
Doubt of the coming of the better day?
Quarrel with God and beat against His laws
In hope to speed the triumph of His cause?

From Patmos borne by angels to the place
Where dwelt his Father by the Father's grace
In answer to his constant prayer and fast,
The blest apostle through seven heavens passed
From glory unto glory flaming bright
So that he dared not look upon the sight;
And when, at last, the words fell on his ear:
"Look, son, and fear thou not, for I am here,"
He, trembling, drew his hands from o'er his face—
Lo, shadows of darkness filled the holy place!

Silent the ways of God; in darkness He
His work performs, and only dimly we
At best the courses that He takes may see;
But know thou this, that Truth is His and flies
The arrow of His truth and Error dies.
Fear not if in the growing light of day
Mankind shall cast some outgrown creed away—
The weak shell burst to spread a daring wing—
Nor think thou God is in the empty thing!

Creeds strow the upward track of man and mark
The hard-fought battle-fields of Light and Dark.
Fear not; for, as from universal seas
The continents arose by slow degrees,
So Justice, Truth and Love shall surely gain
Still more and more from Evil their domain.
Slow march the Centuries with majestic tread
Truth's blazing torch held high above the head,
Light farther flashing o'er the waking land
As on it passes from each mighty hand.
With a new purpose each new century thrills,
The hope of each the coming one fulfills;
And on the shining peaks who wishes may
Behold the dawnlight of the better day.

VI.

Hail mother and farewell! Our courses run
Down the swift incline with the westering sun
To the low meadows where in silence glide
The darkling waters of the Lethean tide
Along whose banks, in drowsy idleness,
Nod the pale poppies of forgetfulness.
Hail and farewell! For when another year
Shall fill its round, how many of us here
Joying with thee upon thy festal day
Shall greet thee once again? Ah, who shall say?
Upon how many eyes shall Death express
The healing balm of sleep? Ah, who may guess?
But not for thee the minor note; for thee
The joy triumphant of the symphony
When o'er the brooding bass and fretting strings
The flute, as some sweet voice from Heaven, sings
A song of hope alluring to the skies;
The viols answer with exulting cries,
The hautboys join the glad, tumultuous throng
And storm the harmonious host the heights of song,
Their banners o'er the airy bastions fling
While "Victory!" "Victory!" clarion trumpets ring.
For thee the future and its glories wait;
Thine is the privilege and high estate
To spread the light whose swift, actinic rays
Shall, unperceived, in secret, silent ways
(As the sun's beam through darkness smiting far
Creates and recreates the things that are
Into new forms of beauty) the dead mass
Of ignorance move to life and bring to pass
The higher order which the spirit seeks.
Be strong, O mother, as thy verdant peaks,
With but one beacon flare, Truth's clear white light,
Kept burning through the watches of the night.
Brave be thou, mother, where'er Truth may lead
To follow, though to do so thou shalt need
To cast aside the old and once held dear,
Endure reproach and suffer Folly's sneer.
Welcome all thought that reverently strives
To solve the perplexed problem of our lives;
Defend the scholar's right in thoughtful quest
To challenge all and Heaven put to the test;

Write o'er thy gates the legend bold and clear:
"For mind no shackles and no limbo here!"
Strong, tolerant and brave as thou shall be
The son thou givest to the world, and he —
Thy legate to the courts of action; star
To speed thy light reflected on afar —
Flesh of thy flesh, bone of thy very bone,
As thou hast made him shall he be alone,
Courageous truth as given him to tell,
His only fear to lie. Hail and farewell!

After the Alumni exersises a meeting of the Phi Beta Kappa society was held in the vestry. The following members of the graduating class were made members of this society: John R. Duffield of Rutland, Gilbert W. Roberts of New York city, Percival Wilds of Middlebury, Edith F. Brrrett of Manchester, Elizabeth Bowles of Middlebury and Ruth S. Murdoch of Akron, Ohio.

The annual address before the society was given by Hon. Merrill E. Gates, LL. D., secretary of the United States board of Indian commissioners and a former president of Amherst College. Mr. Gates's subject was "For Strong Politics; Strong Personalities." The subject was handled in a very able manner, the speaker fully keeping up to his wide reputation as an eloquent orator.

The faculty tea was served in Warner Science Hall from 4 until 5 o'clock.

PRIZE SPEAKING.

Tuesday evening in the Congregational church occurred the annual Merrill and Parker prize speaking contests. The usual large number of people were waiting outside the doors before they were opened, so that at 7:45 o'clock the church was well filled and crowded at 8. The program follows:

MERRILL CONTEST.

MUSIC.

1. THE RETURN OF REGULUS, *Kellogg.*
   CHARLES MCNEIL CROWELL
2. THE LITTLENESS OF EMINENT MEN, *DeShon*
   EDMUND THOMPSON DUFFIELD.
3. THE PROTECTION OF AMERICAN CITIZENS, *Frye.*
   ARTHUR WILLIAM EDDY.
4. THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON, *Phillips.*
   WILLIAM HENRY HAMMERSLEY.

MUSIC.

5. UNDER THE FLAG, *Phillips.*
   WILLIAM ERNEST SLOCUM, JR.
6. THE NEGRO IN THE NEW SOUTH, *Grady.*
   LESLIE ERNEST SUNDERLAND.
7. THE BETTER PART, *Washingto*
   EDWIN WALTER WILCOX.
8. AT THE GRAVE OF NAPOLEON, *Ingerso*
   GEORGE RACE WILSON.

MUSIC.

PARKER CONTEST.

1. THE PARTY, *Dunba*
   JAMES FORREST TAYLOR.
2. MARY'S NIGHT RIDE, *Cab*
   SANFORD HENRY LANE.
3. THE BELL OF ST. JOHN, *Ano*
   ADOLPHUS CHRISTIAN PILGER.
4. IVRY, *Macaula*
   PERCY LLEWELLYN ROBERTS.

MUSIC.

After the last number was rendered the judges re tired for about fifteen minutes to decide upon th winners. The expectant audience waited impatientl until the judges appeared, led by Mr. W. W. Gay, '76 who announced the prizes. The first Merrill prize o $25 was awarded to Arthur William Eddy; th second, $20, to George Race Wilson; the third, $15 to Edmund Thompson Duffield; the fourth, $10, t Charles McNeil Crowell of the Sophomore class The first Parker prize, $20, was awarded to Adolphu Christian Pilger: the second, $10, to Sanford Henry Lane of the Freshman class.

After the prize speaking occurred the usual annual reunion of the fraternities in their respective rooms.

COMMENCEMENT DAY.

Wednesday opened clear and bright, with temperature medium. The weather was ideal all day for Commencement, a contrast to the usual hot sultry weather of the last of June. At 8:30 there was the annual meeting of the Associated Alumni in the college chapel and at 10 the procession was formed on the campus. At 10:15, to the music of the Weybridge band, the procession marched to the Congregational church. President Brainerd presided and read the program.

PRAYER.

OVERTURE, "Child of Arcadie," *G. Marie*

SALUTATORY ADDRESSES,
JOHN REGINALD DUFFIELD.

ORATION, The Essential Factor
DAVID ARTHUR BURKE.

PHILOSOPHICAL ESSAY, Contemplation vs. Action
EDITH FLORENCE BARRETT.

ORATION, The Philosophy of Epicurus

ORVIS K. COLLINS

FAUST BALLET MUSIC, *Gounod*

SCIENTIFIC ESSAY, The Antiquity of Man

*ELIZABETH BOWLES.

ORATION, The Progress of International Law

FREDERICK ARTHUR HUGHES.

SOCIOLOGICAL ESSAY, The Pauper Problem

RUTH SOPHIA MURDOCH.

ORATION, Heroism in History

WILFRED JUDSON STONE.

"*THE TOP*," *Gillett*

ORATION, Individual Assertion

JULIUS ABNER WILCOX.

PHILOSOPHICAL ORATION, Independence in Politics

PERCIVAL WILDS.

ORATION, with Valedictory Addresses,

Defects in Our Jury System

GILBERT WALDO ROBERTS.

FINALE, "Burgomaster," *Roeder*

CONFERRING OF DEGREES.

BENEDICTION.

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*Excused from speaking.

The following were awarded Commencement Honors: Gilbert Waldo Roberts, John Reginald Duffield, Edith Florence Barrett, Ruth Sophia Murdoch, Percival Wilds, Elizabeth Bowles.

Highest honors in French and highest honors in German were awarded to John Reginald Duffield.

The following degrees were conferred :

B. S., David Arthur Burke, Port Henry, N. Y.; A. B, Orvis K. Collins, Ferrisburg, Vt.; A. B., George Rufus Drake, Bristol, Vt.; A. B., John Reginald Duffiield, Rutland, Vt.; B. S., Frederick Arthur Hughes, Middlebury, Vt.; B. S., Frederick Bingham Miner, Bridport, Vt.; A. B., Gilbert Waldo Roberts, New York, N. Y.; A. B., Archie Chester Sheldon, East Middlebury, Vt.; B. S., Fay Alton Simmons, Dorset, Vt.; B. S., Wilfred Judson Stone, Vergennes, Vt.; B. S., John Everett Thompson, Tarrytown, N. Y.; B. S., Charles Arthur Voetsch, New York, N. Y.; B. S., Julius Abner Wilcox, Crown Point, N. Y.; A. B., Percival Wilds, Middlebury, Vt.; B. S., Edith Florence Barrett, Manchester Center, Vt.; B. S., Elizabeth Bowles, Middlebury, Vt.; B. S., Bertha Ruth Collins, Ferrisburg, Vt.; B. S., Anna Keese Deuel, Millbrook, N. Y.; B. S., Ruth Sophia Murdoch, Akron, O. Also the following honorary: LL.D. upon Prof. Brainerd Kellogg, '58, of the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, and upon Hon. Edward W. Hatch, justice of the appellate division of the New York Supreme Court. The degree of D.D. was conferred upon Rev. Calvin B. Moody, '77, of Syracuse, N. Y., and upon Rev. Charles R. Seymour of Bennington. Degree of A. B. upon Hon. A. B. Hepburn, LL.D., as of '71, of New York.

The corporation dinner was served at the Addison at 2 o'clock, at the conclusion of which Dr. Brainerd made the following important announcement to the public. He said that the trustees contemplate the establishment of a separate but affiliated college for young women; that the trustees realize, on the one hand, the evils that result from feminizing a college founded for the education of men, and, on the other hand, the growing and just demand of the young woman of this country for a higher education. In this way the policy of the college in the matter of coeducation will be similar to that of Brown and Columbia Universities.

The president's reception was held at his residence at 8 o'clock. The grounds were brilliantly lighted with a large arc light and numerous Japanese lanterns. The week's exercises closed with the annual commencement ball at the town hall.

At 8 o'clock also occurred the commencement concert in the Congregational church. Not so large a crowd as was expected witnessed the rendition of the program :

1 OVERTURE—"Le Pre aux Clercs," Herold

SEXTETTE CLUB.

2 (a) "The Poet's Dream," Solman
(b) "Evening Breeze," Langey

STRING QUINTETTE.

3 ANDANTE and POLKA CAPRICE, for Clarinet, Mayeur

MR. STAATS.

4 (a) "The Quest," Smith
(b) "The Year's at the Spring," Beach

MISS HUSSEY.

5 VIOLIN SOLO—"Rondo Capricioso," Saint-Saens

MR. LOUD.

6 BALLET MUSIC from "Le Reine de Saba," Gounod
(a) Allegro Moderato,
(b) Moderato,
(c) Andante,
(d) Tempo de Valse,

SEXTETTE CLUB.

7 'CELLO SOLO—"Le Desir," Servais

MR. BELINSKI.

8 (a) "My Heart is Thine," Schultz
(b) "Morning Hymn," Henschel

MISS HUSSEY.

9 TRAUMBILD—"Vision," Von Blon

SEXTETTE CLUB.

10 SELECTION—From the "Fortune Teller," Herbert

SEXTETTE CLUB.

After the concert occured the dance given by the senior class in the town hall. The following ladies participated: Mrs. T. Fletcher, Mrs. J. Fletcher, Mrs. D. C. Noble, Mrs. W. W. McGilton, Mrs. F. Thomas, Mrs. T. Wells, Miss Pinney, Miss F. Chapman, Miss B. Thomas, Miss A. Miner, Miss M. Merrill, Miss A. Cushman, Miss J. Wainwright, Miss Pelton, Miss Tilden and Mrs. Child of Middlebury; Mrs. Church of Burlington, Mrs. Janes of Brooklyn, Mrs. F. Gibbs of Charlotte, Mrs. R. McCuen, Mrs. E. W. Shipman, Miss Correll, Mrs. Riley and Miss Lyons of Vergennes; Miss J. Lane and Miss Donoway of Ferrisburg; Miss Mason of Akron, O.; Miss Winters of Plattsburg, N. Y.; Miss E. Cram of Ticonderoga, N. Y.; Miss N. Hadley of E. Jeffrey, N. H.; Miss R. Murdoch of Akron, O.; Miss Breta Fletcher of Bridport, and Miss C. Child of Weybridge.

The following alumni were present at the commencement of 1902:

Class of '46—J. W. Stewart, Middlebury.

Class of '47—Geo. N. Boardman, Pittsford.

Class of '52—Matthew H. Maynard, Marquette, Mich.; Rufus Wainwright, Middlebury.

Class of '53—W N. Bacon, Bridport.

Class of '59—W R. Shipman, Tufts College, Mass.; M. L. Severance, Burlington.

Class of '60—Henry H. Vail, New York, N. Y.

Class of '61—C. N. Thomas, Bristol.

Class of '68—G. P. Collins, N. Ferrisburg.

Class of '70—T. P. D. Matthews, Middlebury.

Class of '73—Webster Ingersoll, Valcour, N. Y.

Class of '76—W. W. Gay, New York, N. Y.

Class of '77—J. M. Gifford, New York, N. Y.

Class of '80—Frank A. Parker, Whiting.

Class of '81—Chas. S. Murkland, Durham, N. H.

Class of '82—Harry P. Powers, Proctor.

Class of '91—Vernon C. Harrington, Cleveland, O.; Grace Seely Thomas, E. Orange, N. J.

Class of 94—Henry H. Seely, Richmond.; H. E. Wells, Meadville, Penn.

Class of '95—Earl L Cushman, Jersey City, N. J.; Eleanor S. Ross, Rutland.

Class of '96—Carl M. Merrill, Glens Falls, N. Y.; Mrs. Denio, Bristol; E. M. Roscoe, Waterbury.

Class of '98—Lucia E. Avery, Middlebury; H. A. Hinman, New York, N. Y.; James A. Lobban, Southboro, Mass.; Theo. Wells, New York City.

Class of '99—M. Annette Anderson, Shoreham; E. C. Bingham, St. Johnsbury; Frank W. Cady, Francestown, N. H.; Sarah Scoles, Leverett, Mass.

Class of '00—Thomas A. Carlson, Shoreham; L. W. Severy, Worcester, Mass.; A. Bush Wilmarth, Middlebury; Florence Hemenway, Manchester.

Class of '01—Rena E. Avery, Middlebury; Reid L. Carr, Middlebury; Grace E. James, Middlebury; Marianne Landon, New Haven; Alice W. Brooks, Worcester, Mass.; Mildred A. Weld, New Haven; R. S. Stearns, Boston, Mass.; Nellie Hadley, E. Jeffrey, N. H.; Nellie I. Button, Wallingford; Florence J. Walker, Pembroke, N. H.; Glenn W. White, Middlebury; L. Bernice Thomas, Middlebury; Cecile M. Child, Middlebury; Fanny Milliken, ex-'04; Allen H. Nelson, Middlebury.

TRUSTEES TAKE ACTION.

In response to a petition, a copy of which was sent to each trustee by the Student Association of the college, to take some action in regard to bettering the present condition of coeducation in Middlebury, the following resolution was voted upon and passed at the annual meeting of the board, June 24, 1902.

RESOLVED: that in the judgement of the Trustees steps should be taken as soon as possible to organise a womans' collage, as an annex to or branch of Middlebury College, in which the same general grades of study shall be taught and the same degrees awarded, as to the men, and that a Committee of five be appointed by the President, with power to said Committee to increase its numbers, to which Committee the question of organization and providing ways and means be referred with power.

FRATERNITY RIDES.

Saturday following examinations was the day chosen by the three fraternities for their annual rides and it opened a very unpropitious day, so unpropitious in fact that one of the fraternities which had planned a drive to Bread Loaf in the morning postponed the ride until Monday afternoon. The other chapters, with their lady friends, went despite the weather which, after an all day's rain, cleared up at six o'clock and a beautiful evening followed.

CHI PSI RIDE.

The long continued rain prevented the members of the Chi Psi fraternity from taking their ride on Saturday. Being a carriage drive, it was thought best to postpone the event until Monday. On this day the party drove to Lake Dunmore and spent a very pleasant afternoon, taking supper at the Lake Dunmore House. In the evening a very enjoyable dance was held in the ball-room of the hotel, music being furnished by Mrs. Miner. The ladies present were: Misses Salisbury, Freeto and Warner from the college; Misses Cushman, Wilds, Tilden and Munroe from the town; Mrs. W. J. Roberts of New York, Mrs. A. L. Janes of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss Maud Winters of Plattsburgh, N. Y.; Miss Helen Miller of Wallingford, and Miss Fanny Milliken of Malden, Mass.

DELTA KAPPA EPSILON RIDE.

The members of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity, with ladies, went by train to Vergennes and thence by the steamer Alexander to Westport, where dinner was served at the Westport Inn.

After dinner they again boarded the Alexander for a cruse down the lake as far as Port Henry, and back to Vergennes. A moonlight drive to Middlebury completed the trip.

The ladies present were Miss Brainerd, Miss Cushman, Miss Dustin, Miss Fielden, Miss Goodwin, Miss Murdoch, Miss Miner, Miss Milliken, Miss Merrill, Miss Wilcox, and Miss Woodward.

THE DELTA UPSILON RIDE.

The Delta Upsilon fraternity, with ladies, drove to Vergennes, Saturday afternoon where the company took the Victor to Westport, N. Y. Dinner was served to them at the Westport Inn and dancing was indulged in the remainder of the evening. The moonlight ride across the lake and up the Otter was delightful. The company numbered twenty-two; the ladies were: the Misses S. Scoles, '99, N. Hadley, '01, B. Collins, '02, L. Bixby, '03, M. Munsey, '03, E. Duel, '05, J. Leete, '05, L. Neff, '05; also Miss Child of Weybridge, Miss Fish of Westport, N. Y., and Miss Noble of Rutland.

CHANGE OF ELECTIVES.

A slight change has been made in the elective system. Instead of beginning with the junior year, the elective system begins with one elective in the spring term of the sophomore year. English Language is offered instead of Civil Government in sophomore winter term, and to those in the A. B. course a choice between Greek and English Language, to those in B. S. course, a choice between Vertebrate Zoology and English Language is offered in the spring term. History is required through the entire junior year, instead of two terms; English Literature in the fall term, Logic in winter and Rhetoric in the spring term. The senior elective, pedagogy, is changed from spring to fall term.

ATHLETIC RELATIONS WITH U. V. M.

It is a matter of the deepest regret that the two sister institutions at Middlebury and at Burlington cannot live in harmonious relations, at least in so far as athletics is concerned. It is a matter of littleness to let any such feeling spring into acknowledged existence. But since Vermont has already taken decisive action in the case without considering very seriously, it seems to us, the probable outcome of such a step, we have the privilege only of defending ourselves against her charge. And it is a serious charge for a university to publish broadcast against any small college. Her charge is "unsportsmanlike conduct" in athletics; and she has failed to define that term, so we are at a loss to know just what she means by it. If it is used in the ordinary accepted meaning of the term, our only way of defense is to appeal to other institutions who have played games with us on our own grounds. None of these except Vermont has told us or told anyone else that Middlebury is "unsportsmanlike" in her treatment of the teams. By sportsmanlike conduct *we* mean a *gentlemanly* conduct, and one that is fair to both sides. We don't believe in being crushed out of existence by another institution because it is larger in numbers and because of that, it may be, it is our aim *not* to be small in athletics. And we would also appeal to those teams who have played both at Burlington and at Middlebury. None of these have told us we were ungentlemanly or unfair in our treatment of them, but we have heard whispers of such from teams coming down from the north.

This seems enough; we can only say that we are heartily sorry that Vermont should have seen fit to take such a far-reaching step without more serious consideration. We regret that such an unfriendly

relation should exist between the neighboring colleges, but Vermont has measured her own stature, the result of which will hereafter be in black and white upon her own records.

BASE BALL.

THE NEW YORK TRIP.

May 20, with Potsdam Normal school at Potsdam, N. Y. Potsdam, 4; Middlebury, 8.

May 21—St. Lawrence University at Canton, N. Y. St. Lawrence, 7; Middlebury, 2.

May 22—Hamilton College at Clinton, N. Y. Hamilton, 7; Middlebury, 6.

May 23—Syracuse University at Syracuse, N. Y. Syracuse, 14; Middlebury, 0.

May 24—Union University at Schenectady, N. Y. Union, 7; Middlebury, 3.

The team returned home May 25. May 30 and 31 two games were played at Burlington, resulting in one victory for each team. Drake pitched both games:

Score by innings of first game:

Vermont,	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—1
Middlebury,	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—2

Score by innings of second game:

Vermont,	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	2	0—4
Middlebury,	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	1—3

The last game with Vermont occurred on our campus June 6, when Vermont easily won. There was some misunderstanding about the umpire, but that was settled apparently satisfactory to both sides.

Score by innings:

Vermont,	0	0	0	0	3	1	0	1	1—6
Middlebury,	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	0—3

June 3, on the campus, St. Lawrence University; St. Lawrence, 0; Middlebury, 6.

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Professor Howard has a year's leave of absence.

Miss Mabel Merrill, ex-'04, is spending some time abroad with her brother.

Miss Richmond, '05, attended the young women's conference at Silver Bay on Lake George, N. Y.

L. R. Howard, '99, of Barre, Vt., was married in May to Miss Viola Ross of the same place.

P. L. Roberts '05, and R. S. Reed, ex-'05, attended the students' conference at Northfield, Mass.

Frank W. Cady, '99, has been re-elected to the principalship of Francestown Academy, N. H.

P. F. Burke '68 was recently elected to the membership committee of the New York State Teachers' Association.

A Student Association of Middlebury College has been organized among the men of the college. Their constitution, as adopted at a recent meeting, will appear in the next number.

W. H. Botsford, '98, who has for the past three years been principal of the Wallingford, Vt., high school, has been elected to the principalship of the Alexandria Bay, N. Y., high school.

Professor Walter E. Howard, '71, was quietly married on Saturday, July 5, to Miss Maud E. Stevens, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Stevens of Middlebury. The wedding took place at Mr. Stevens' home on Seminary street in Middlebury in the presence of the immediate relatives. THE UNDERGRADUATE wishes them a happy year abroad.

"OUT IN THE COLD, COLD WORLD."

1902.

W. J. Stone will go into business.

A. C. Sheldon goes into the insurance business.

G. W. Roberts will study law at the New York Law school.

J. R. Duffield takes a post-grad. course at Harvard University.

J. E. Thompson will take a position in a factory at Newark, N. J.

F. A. Hughes will be with Equitable Life Assurance Co. this summer.

Miss E. F. Barrett has a position as science teacher in Saratoga, N. Y.

F. B. Miner will enter the medical department of the University of Michigan.

Miss E. Bowles has accepted the position of teacher of sciences in Ballston Spa, N. Y.

O. K. Collins has been elected to the principalship of the Wallingford, Vt., high school.

F. A. Simmons has been elected to principalship of the union school at North Bangor, N. Y.

C. A. Voetsch will practice in the office of J. M. Gifford, '77, LL. D., New York city, and study in the New York Law school.

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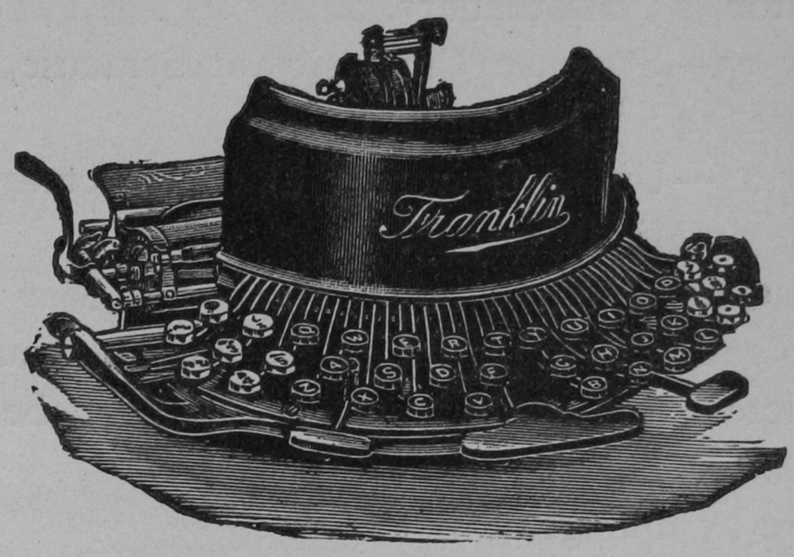

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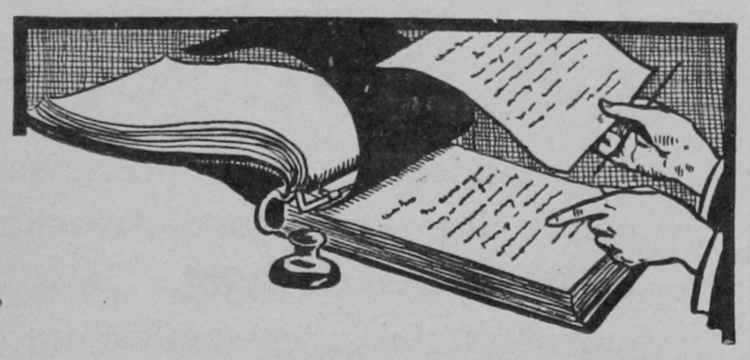

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LATIN.—Grammar, including Prosody; Cæsar, four books of the Gallic War; Cicero, six orations; Virgil, six books of the Æneid; Collar's Latin Composition, Part I or III; History of Rome, Creighton's Primer.

GREEK.—Grammar; Xenophon's Anabasis, four books; Homer's Iliad, three books; Woodruff's Greek Prose Composition; History of Greece to the death of Alexander.

MATHEMATICS.—Arithmetic, including the Metric system; Algebra, through Quadratic Equations, Binomal Theorem and Progressions; Wentworth's Geometry, five books.

Real equivalents will be accepted in place of any of the authors named above.

ENGLISH.—The reading recommended by the Commission of Colleges in New England on Admission Examinations.

LATIN-SCIENTIFIC COURSE.

Same as for the Classical course, with the exception of the Greek, in place of which is required a knowledge of English History such as may be secured by thorough study of a work like Montgomery's; American History based on such a work as Johnston's; and Bate's, Bronson's or Newcomer's American Literature; also French or German as follows: French 1. Ability to translate simple prose at sight. For this purpose, at least 150 pages of text should be read. French 2. Proficiency in the elements of grammar. German 1. Ability to translate simple prose at sight. For this purpose, at least 100 pages of text should be read. German 2. Proficiency in the elements of grammar.

For more definite statements see college catalogue.

Students from such fitting schools as have thorough courses fully meeting the above requirements will be admitted without examination, on the certificate of their respective principals that they have completed the courses and mastered all that is required for admission. Blank certificates for either course will be forwarded on application.

The College offers to young women the educational privileges of the Institution.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

The courses of instruction are of two kinds, required and elective, but each student is required to have at least fifteen hours of recitation a week. All the studies for Freshman and Sophomore years are prescribed. In the Junior and Senior years, nine and six hours respectively a week are prescribed, the studies for the remaining hours being selected by the student from the elective courses offered. These are numerous, and varied from year to year.

The Egbert Starr Library contains over 25,000 volumes. It is open to students every day except Sunday; all books are accessible to them, and complete catalogues indicate the location of each volume.

The departments of Physics and Natural Sciences, located in the Warner Science Hall, are well furnished with apparatus and laboratories, while the Cabinet and Museum furnish abundant specimens for illustration.

The principal expenses for the year, except for clothing and text-books, amount to about $240.

The income of various scholarships, a part of them under the control of individual proprietors and a part furnished by the State, is available to students of good scholarship and correct deportment. The income is applied toward the payment of term bills, including tuition. The liberal aid thus furnished reduces the college bills so materially that no student of energy need be deterred by financial considerations from entering the College. Requests for scholarships may be addressed to the President.

CALENDAR.

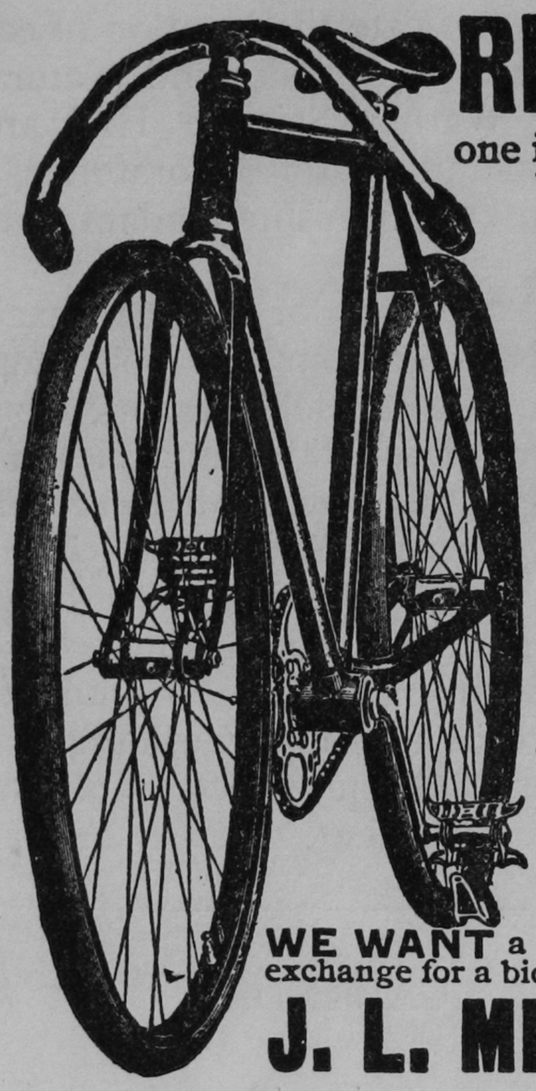
1902

April 3, Thursday—Spring Term begins.
May 30, Friday—Memorial Day.
June 22, Sunday—Baccalaureate Sermon.
Anniversary of the Christian Associations.
June 23, Monday—Class Day.
June 24, Tuesday—Preliminary Meeting of Associated Alumni.
Anniversary of Associated Alumni.
Address before Phi Beta Kappa Society.
Parker and Merrill Prize Speaking.
June 25, Wednesday—Adjourned Meeting of Associated Alumni.
Commencement Exercises.
Commencement Dinner.
President's Reception.
Summer vacation of twelve weeks.
September 18, Thursday—Fall Term begins.
December 19, Friday—Fall Term ends.

For Catalogues and further information, apply to the President,

EZRA BRAINERD, LL.D

☞ **Those who advertise with us are our friends.** ☜



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